

The Mirror

OF

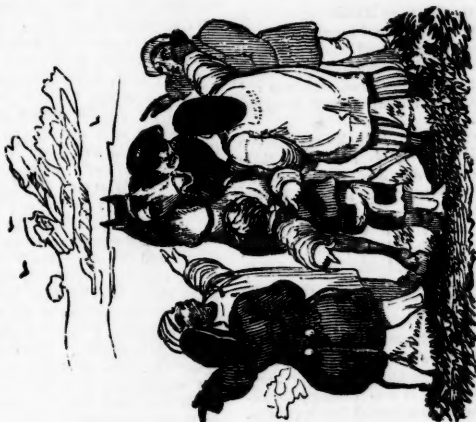
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 524.]

SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER.

[PRICE 2d.

WHICH WAY DID THE FOX GO?



FROM HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1832.

THE REAR ADMIRAL.



SPIRIT OF THE ANNUALS FOR 1832.

Hood's Comic Annual.

LOOKING over these pages of delicious fooling, we almost say with one of Charles Mathews's laughter-loving fat folks, "that fellow (Hood) will be the death of us." He is ever shooting folly as it flies, though we fear our citizens

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will think he has this year made rather free with their *manors*: however, they have been public game since the times of the Charleses.

By the courtesy of the proprietor we are enabled to give the reader two of Mr. Hood's Cuts, with our Extracts:

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LETTER FROM AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED your's of the first last, wich I should have anser'd it sooner, only I have ad the Roomatiz in my fingers, so you must Pleas to excus my crampd hand.

As to my Sporting Reminis-cences, as you are pleasd to say, I have lookd them out in the dixenary, and kno verry well what it is. I beg leaf to Say, I have forgot all my recolections, and can not bring to Mind any of my old Remem-berances.

As for Hunting, I shall never take a fence at it agen, altho I sumtims Ride to cover on the old Gray, wich is now be come quite Wite. The last tim I went out, we dru Hazelmere copes down to Broxley wood; then we dru Broxley wood over to Fox thorp; then we dru Fox thorp over to Middle ford, and then we dru Middle ford, in short, it was all drawing and no painting for want of a brush.

Sir William Chase cuming to be his father's hare, he set up a coarsing club, but being short of long dogs, and there hairs falling of, it was obleegd to dis-course, and is now turned into a conver-sasiony.

In regard to shuting, I have never dun anny thing Since percussion Captious-ness cum up, wich I am Told they are sharper than Flints. The last hare I kild was 2 long ears ago, and the Last fezzant, But theres a long tail belonging to that, wich you shall have when you cum over, as I hop you wil, with your Horse's; I have good entertainment for boath, as the french Say, at my table D' oats.

"The lads go out after Burds now and then, but I seldum cum at the rites of there shuting—you kno

Wat is Hits is Histery:
But what is mist is mystery.

Talking of shuting, hav you seen Ub-burd's new guns like wauking sticks—there a cappital defence agin cappital offences, as you may ether stick a feller or Shute him, or boath togethir. I wish farmer Gale had carried one last friday, for he was Rob'd cuming from markit by a foot paddy Irish man, that knockd him down to make him Stand. Luckily he had nothin on him when Stopped but sum notes of the Barnsby bank that had been stopd the weak afore. In the fishing line I am quite Dead buit, tho I have had manny a Good run in my tim, Partickler when the keeper spide me out where I hadent got Leaf. The last

tim I went I could hardly un do my 'rod for roomatiz in my joints, and I got the Lumbago verry bad wen I cum Back, and its atax I doant like. Beside wich I found verry Little big fish on a count of the pochers, who Kil em al in colde blood. I used sumtims to flote and sumtims to fli, but our waters is so over fishd theres no fish to be had, and as I am very musicle I dont like trolling without a catch, the last jack I caut was with my boot, and was only a foot long. As for racing, I never cared much a bout it; and in regard of betting, I am Better with out it, tho I al ways take the feeld wen I am Able, and support the Farmer's Plate with al my Mite. Our Wist club is going off, Some of the members go on so; two of em are perpetuly quareling like anny thing but double dummies, for one plays like Hoyle, and the other like Vineger. The young men hav interduced Shorts, but I doant think they'le Last long. They are al so verry Sharp at the Pints; and as for drinking, I never se sich Liquor-ish Chaps in my life. They are al ways laying ods, even at Super, when theyle Bet about the age of a Roosted foul, wichey they cal Chicker. hazzard, or about the Wait of a Curran py, wich they cal the Currancy question. They al so smoke a grate manny seagars, but they cant put the old men's pips out, wich it Wood be a Burning shame if they did. I am sorry to say politicks has Crept in; Sum is al for reform, and sum is al for none at al, and the only think they agre in is, that the land Lord shant bring in no Bil. There is besides grate discushins as to the new game laws, sum entertaning douts when sum people go out a shuting, wether even acts of Parlament will inable them to shute anny game."

The crickit Club is going on uncomon wel. They are 36 members with ont rekonon the byes; our best man at Wickit is Captin Batty—he often gets four notches running; and our best boler is Use Ball, tho we sumtims get Dr. Pilby to bolus. As for the crickit Bal, it is quit wore out, wich the gals say they are verry Sory for it, as they took a grate intrest in our matches.

My lads ere boath of em marred, wich mayhap you have Herd,—and if the gals are not, I Beleve its no falt of theres. They hope youle cum to the Wake, wich is next Sunday weak, for they Say there will be High fun, al tho I think it is Rather Low. The only use of wauking that I can See, is to pervent folkes Sleeping, and as for there jumping and throwing up there Heals, I see no Plen-

sur in it. If they had the Roomatiz as Bad as I have, they woudent be for Dancing there fandangoes at that rat, and Kicking for partners.

Thank you for the Hoisters, wich was very good. Mary has took the shels to make her a groto, of wich I think is verry shamful, as I wanted them to Friten the Burds. Old Mark Lane, the man as Cheated you out of them oats, has bean sent to jail for Stealing barly. I am sadly Afearde old Marks corn will give Him 14 ears of Bottary.

Pleas to Remember me to al inquiring friends, if they should think it woth wile to Ask after me,

From your Humbel servant,
ANDREW AXELTREE.

P.S. I forgot to menshun the sub-skripschon Stag hounds kep by the same members as the wist club, and its there wim to have fifty too dogs to the pack. If old Bil, the huntsman, was drest like Pam, theyd be complet. They have had sum cappital runs dooring the season. As you write for the sporting Maggazins, you may like to notice an apereance rather noo in the felde, I mean the Grate Creol Curnel Brown, who is very pompus and hunts with Pompey, his black servant after him. I have got a Deal more to Say, but carnt for want of Room. Mary says I should Cros it, wich I wood, but I doant Wish to put you to the expense of a Dubble leter.

Almost equal to the Stoke Pogis Riots of last year are the following, (an admirable squib, by the way, at some "Papers" printed, which ought from their worthlessness to be called "Waste Papers.")

THE PUGSLEY PAPERS.

(The Pugsley's are a cockney family, who retire from a shoe shop in Barbican to the *otium* of the Fens in Lincolnshire. Here are some of the episodes, from all branches of the family.)

"From Master Richard Pugsley, to Master Robert Rogers, at Number 132, Barbican.

"DEAR BOB,—Huza!—Here I am in Lincolnshire! It's good-bye to Wellingtons and Cossacks, Ladies' double channels, Gentlemen's stout calf, and ditto ditto. They've all been sold off under prime cost, and the old Shoe Mart is disposed of, goodwill and fixtures, for ever and ever. Father has been made a rich Squire of by will, and we've got a house and fields, and trees of our own.

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Such a garden, Bob!—It beats White Conduit.

"Now, Bob, I'll tell you what I want. I want you to come down here for the holidays. Don't be afraid. Ask your Sister to ask your Mother to ask your Father to let you come. It's only ninety mile. If you're out of pocket money, you can walk, and beg a lift now and then, or swing by the dickeys. Put on cordroys, and don't care for cut behind. The two prentices, George and Will, are here to be made farmers of, and brother Nick is took home from school to help in agriculture. We like farming very much, it's capital fun. Us four have got a gun, and go out shooting; it's a famous good un, and sure to go off if you don't full cock it. Tiger is to be our shooting dog as soon as he has left off killing the sheep. He's a real savage, and worries cats beautiful. Before Father comes down, we mean to bait our bull with him.

"There's plenty of New Rivers about, and we're going a fishing as soon as we have mended our top joint. We've killed one of our sheep on the sly to get gentles. We've a pony too, to ride upon when we can catch him, but he's loose in the paddock, and has neither mane nor tail to signify to lay hold of. Isn't it prime, Bob? You *must* come. If your Mother won't give your Father leave to allow you,—run away. Remember, you turn up Goswell Street to go to Lincolnshire, and ask for Middlefen Hall. There's a pond full of frogs, but we won't pelt them till you come, but let it be before Sunday, as there's our own orchard to rob, and the fruit's to be gathered on Monday.

"If you like sucking raw eggs, we know where the hens lay, and mother don't; and I'm bound there's lots of bird's nests. Do come, Bob, and I'll show you the wasp's nest, and everything that can make you comfortable. I dare say you could borrow your father's volunteer musket of him without his knowing of it; but be sure any how to bring the ramrod, as we have mislaid our's by firing it off. Don't forget some birdlime, Bob—and some fish-hooks—and some different sorts of shot—and some gut and some gunpowder—and a gentle-box, and some flints,—some May-flies,—and a powder horn,—and a landing net and a dog-whistle—and some porcupine quills, and a bullet mould—and a trolling-winch, and a shot-belt and a tin can. You pay for 'em, Bob, and I'll owe it you.

"Your old friend and schoolfellow,
"RICHARD PUGSLEY."

"From Miss Dorothy Pugsley to Miss *Jemima Moggridge, at Gregory House Establishment for Young Ladies, Mile End.*

"MY DEAR MISS JEMIMA,—Providence having been pleased to remove my domestic duties from Barbican to Lincolnshire, I trust I shall have strength of constitution to fulfil them as becomes my new allotted line of life. As we are not sent into this world to be idle, and Anastasia has declined housewifery I have undertaken the Dairy, and the Brewery, and the Baking, and the Poultry, the Pigs and the Pastry,—and though I feel fatigued at first, use reconciles to labours and trials, more severe than I at present enjoy. Altho' things may not turn out to wish at present, yet all well-directed efforts are sure to meet reward in the end, and altho' I have chumped and churned two days running, and it's nothing yet but curds and whey, I should be wrong to despair of eating butter of my own making before I die. Considering the adulteration committed by every article in London, I was never happier in any prospect, than of drinking my own milk, fattening my own calves, and laying my own eggs. We cackle so much I am sure we new-lay somewhere, tho' I cannot find out our nests; and I am looking every day to have chickens, as one pepper-and-salt coloured hen has been sitting these two months. When a poor ignorant bird sets me such an example of patience, how can I repine at the hardest domestic drudgery? Mother and I have worked like horses to be sure, ever since we came to the estate; but if we die in it, we know it's for the good of the family, and to agreeably surprise my Father, who is still in town winding up his books. For my own part, if it was right to look at things so selfishly, I should say I never was so happy in my life; though I own I have cried more since coming here than I ever remember before. You will confess my crosses and losses have been unusual trials, when I tell you, out of all my makings, and bakings, and brewings, and preservings, there has been nothing either eatable or drinkable; and what is more painful to an affectionate mind,—have half-poisoned the whole family with home-made ketchup of toadstools, by mistake for mushrooms. When I reflect that they are preserved, I ought not to grieve about my damsons and bullases, done by Mrs. Maria Dover's receipt.

"Among other things we came into a beautiful closet of old China, which I am shocked to say, is all destroyed by

my preserving. The bullases and damsons fomented, and blew up a great jar with a violent shock that smashed all the tea and coffee cups, and left nothing but the handles hanging in rows on the tenter-hooks. But to a resigned spirit there's always some comfort in calamities, and if the preserves work and foment so, there's some hope that my beer will, as it has been a month next Monday in the mash tub. As for the loss of the elder wine, candour compels me to say it was my own fault for letting the poor blind little animals crawl into the copper: but experience dictates next year not to boil the berries and kittens at the same time.

"The children, I am happy to say, are all well, only baby is a little fractious, we think from Grace setting him down in the nettles, and he was short-coated last week. Grace is poorly with a cold, and Anastasia has got a sore throat, from sitting up fruitlessly in the orchard to hear the nightingale; perhaps there may not be any in the Fens. I seem to have a trifling ague and rheumatism myself, but it may be only a stiffness from so much churning, and the great family wash-up of everything we had directly we came down, for the sake of grass-bleaching on the lawn. With these exceptions, we are all in perfect health and happiness, and unite in love, with

"Dear Miss Jemima's affectionate friend,
"DOROTHY PUGSLEY."

"From Mrs. Pugsley to Mrs. Rogers.

"MADAM,—Although warmth has made a coolness, and our having words has caused a silence—yet as mere writing is not being on speaking terms, and disconsolate parents in the case, I waive venting of animosities till a more agreeable moment. Having perused the afflicted advertisement in *The Times*, with interesting description of person, and ineffectual dragging of New River—beg leave to say that Master Robert is safe and well—having arrived here on Saturday night last, with almost no shoe to his foot, and no coat at all, as was supposed to be with the approbation of parents. It appears, that, not supposing the distance between the families extended to him, he walked the whole way down on the footing of a friend, to visit my son Richard, but hearing the newspapers read, quitted suddenly, the same day with the gypsies, and we haven't an idea what is become of him. Trusting this statement will relieve of all anxiety, remain, Madam,

"Your humble Servant,
"BELINDA PUGSLEY."

Extract of a letter from Pugsley, senior.

"Between ourselves, the objects of unceasing endeavours, united with uncompromising integrity, have been assailed with so much deterioration, as makes me humbly desirous of abridging sufferings, by resuming business as a Shoe Marter at the old established House. If Clack & Son, therefore, have not already taken possession and respectfully informed the vicinity, will thankfully pay reasonable compensation for loss of time and expense incurred by the bargain being off. In case parties agree, I beg you will authorize Mr. Robins to have the honour to dispose of the whole Lincolnshire concern, tho' the knocking down of Middlefen Hall will be a severe blow on Mrs. P. and Family. Deprecating the deceitful stimulus of advertising arts, interest commands to mention,--desirable freehold estate and eligible investment--and sole reason for disposal, the proprietor going to the continent. Example suggests likewise, a good country for hunting for fox-hounds--and a prospect too extensive to put in a newspaper. Circumstances being rendered awkward by the untoward event of the running away of the cattle, &c., it will be best to say--'The Stock to be taken as it stands;' and an additional favour will be politely conferred, and the same thankfully acknowledged, if the auctioneer will be so kind as bring the next market town ten miles nearer, and carry the coach and the waggon once a day past the door. Earnestly requesting early attention to the above, and with sentiments of, &c.

"R. PUGSLEY, SEN.

"P.S. Richard is just come to hand dripping and half dead out of the Nene, and the two apprentices all but drowned each other in saving him. Hence occurs to add, fishing opportunities with the desirable items."

We have quoted a column of the poetry in the Number accompanying the present; so, we conclude with the following *jeu d'esprit*, by which the reader may learn to write blank verse in rhyme:

A NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

*EVEN is come; and from the dark Park, bark,
The signal of the setting sun--one gun!
And six is sounding from the chime, prime time
To go and see the Drury Lane Dane slain,--
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out,--
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,
Denying to his frantic clutch much touch,--
Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride
Four horses as no other man can span:
Or, in the small Olympic pit, sit, split
Laughing at Liston, while you quizz his phiz.

Aeon Night comes, and with her wings brings
things

Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung;

The gas up-blazes with its bright white light,
And paralytic watchmen howl, growl,
About the streets, and take up Pall Mall Sal,
Who, hasting to her nightly jobs, robs, jobs.
Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash,
crash,
Past drowsy Charley, in a deep, sleep, creep!
But frighten'd by Policeman B, 3, dec.
And while they're going, whisper low, 'No go!'
Now puss, white folks are in their beds, treads,
leads,
And sleepers waking, grumble--'drat that cat!'
Who in the gutter catterwauls, squalls, mauls,
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.
Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize, size, rise
In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor
Georgy, or Charles, or Billy, willy nilly,--
But nursemaid in a nightmare rest, chest-
press'd.
Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Gams,
And that she hears--what faith is law's!--Auns
banns
And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice,
thrice;
White ribands flourish, and a stout shout out,
That upwards goes, shows Rose knows those
bows woe's!"

The Cuts, large and small, are fun and humour throughout. To describe them would be to foretaste and spoil them. Yet they are not mere fun: only turn to the faces in the Cut "Which way did the Fox go?" and you will be puzzled to say which face has the most provoking fun--the perturbed inquirer or his many scenting informants. Surely this is the book of anti-cholera.

The Forget-me-not.

THIS is, as usual, one of the most pleasing of the Annuals. It contains sixty-three pieces: the prose are of the best order; the verse not being of a striking character; indeed, some of the versifiers ought scarcely to have 'scaped whipping. Among the prose stories, that of "the White Lynx of the Long Knives" is foremost in merit as in place in the volume. Its scene is in North America; and the narrative abounds with vivid descriptions of the sublime: the aurora borealis, for example, is beautifully sketched at the opening of the tale. There are the usual contributors to this work: the Modern Pythagorean, Dr. Bowring, Delta, the Ettrick Shepherd, Mr. Hood, Mr. R. Thomson, and Mr. Galt; Misses Landon, Mitford, and Mrs. Hoffman; and we must not forget a touching portrait--*La Mère des Soldats*--by Mrs. Lee, lately Mrs. Bowdich. Our extract is from a Secret Adventure in High Life, by Mr. R. Thompson, and is of the good old days of brocade and point lace. We may term it

A MASQUERADE ADVENTURE.*

Every body who knows any thing about high life in the last century must

* Tibbs, a beau of the period, is the narrator.

remember that, until the erection of the Pantheon, in 1772, the most fashionable masquerades, assemblies, and concerts in London, were held under the direction of Mrs. Teresa Cornelys, at Carlisle House, in Soho-square. In the close of that year she became a bankrupt, and her house and furniture were for a long time advertised for sale; but the enterprising arch-priestess of fashion, "the Empress of the Vast Regions of Taste," as she was frequently called, contrived to delay her fall, and was supported in her station, though with diminished splendour, until the end of 1776.

"Ay, here," began Tibbs, drawing out a pair of tarnished and broken metal green spectacles, which I strongly suspect came out of the identical bargain bought by Moses Primrose, "this was the door of the old great Tea-room, where the horns and clarionets that my wife and the countess were so prodigiously fond of, used to play; but smite me if it don't look like a Jew's tabernacle now, or Solomon's temple at Sudric fair! And up these stairs was the bull-room for country dances; and down those, 'i' the cellarage,' as *Shikspur* says, was the endless Cotillon-gallery, where we used to dance till the sun put the candles out. It was all very well, as I said before, while we of a certain rank countenanced these places; but now, my dear, the Pantheon's beat them all to sticks; Festino, Cassino, Coterie, and old mother Cornelys' into the bargain. Not but what, as you said, or were going to say, the masquerades here were sometimes immensely fine, and consumedly humorous. I remember once laughing all the rest of the week at a frolic here, where I, and eight or nine more choice spirits—high-bred wags all of us, and of the Inner Temple—played one of the Quorum, a beadle, a night-constable, four watchmen and some of their charge. It was the finest thing you ever saw, for the Honourable Festus Wagsby, the late learned Judge Wagsby, you know, touched off old Fielding so divinely in his examination, that the whole masquerade was in screams of rapture.

"I see that you're an age too young to remember Lady Grogam—and, indeed, I knew her myself only when she was quite upon the fade; but even then she was positively a walking bale of gold tissue, and brocade, and diamonds—an absolute Queen of Sheba—and every body's mark who was looking out for a long purse. But then, my dear, upon my gentility, she was a starched

melancholy old dowager, as lank and as yellow as an old wax flambeau, though poor Harry Smart used to say she ought to have been brown with so much toasting. However, brown or yellow went for absolutely nothing with her, for, smite me, if the old witch wasn't vain enough to think she danced like Vestris, and looked best as a sylph in white and silver! when all the time you would have thought it was an elephant's tooth dressed up! *Mais n'importe*, as M. le Comte said to me this morning, every season she subscribed to Mrs. Cornelys' here; and, as no countess could pay better or dress richer, there was no turning her quite out of our pale—though sometimes we contrived to cut her out of our most select parties, as the *Coterie*, the *Seavoir vive* nights, and so forth; but usually we pitied her, and let her go on fishing for a coronet, and making herself absurd. You've heard of the Thursday night's club at the Star and Garter, in Pall-mall—a famous high set, I promise you, all of them your real rank and quality, and the wittiest dogs in town, and my very dear friends, too—but that's a secret. On the 26th of February—ay, I think it was the 26th—I like to be accurate in these matters—but I know it was on a Monday, early in 1770—they gave a masquerade at Mrs. Cornelys', and I'll assure you that it was the most brilliant thing ever known in this country, for there was no buying or transferring of tickets, and 'twas thought that the king and queen would certainly be there. It was decided by us who managed, that Lady Grogam should be left out; but she almost moved heaven and earth to get a ticket; and at last she did through one or other of your poor devil quality, for I'll swear she got it with a golden hook—though that's a secret. Well, when Mrs. Tibbs, and those dear wicked creatures the other lady-managers, found it out, there was nothing to be done but to get as much fun out of the old girl as possible, and so they contrived to send her a letter, as if it came from Mrs. Cornelys' major-domo, desiring her to come as Hebe, and hinting that it was the wish of a certain noble Jove that she should be his cup-bearer: and, strike me sensible! if she didn't swallow it like a whale, and come flying in, as if she were going to dance a saraband, all gauze and gossamer, bewigged and bewinged like a doll-goddess in a puppet-show, and a hundred thousand baubles stuck about her head. My witty friend, the Honourable Tom Trant, said that she looked like a roll of parchment co-

vered with a cobweb, and asked if she were not the Dowager Hebe. I promise you it made a prodigious laugh at the time, for he said, in a loud whisper, that if Mr. Jove must have his cup-bearer at his tail, she ought to have sent her great-granddaughter, and not come out in the night-air to rake and catch cold at her age.

"But the worst of it all was, that my dear friend, the Duke of Dunmow, came that night as Jupiter; and she found him out, to the immense dismay of the duchess, who was Juno, and was ready to expire with fright at the woman's horrid figure and assurance. And Lord! my dear, what a scene there was then! for, d'y'e see me, up came Hebe with her nectar-bowl, and asked him to drink; upon which Lord Flitch, the duke's eldest son, who was Momus, told her she had better drink it herself, and go home to bed. Then she asked his grace to sit by her side at supper, as he had promised, for it was then about one o'clock and they were going into the Rotunda-room, but at first the duke only stared at her for a mad woman. Then, as I said before, she began to make quite a scene of it; and, between you and I—but let it go no further, it's a profound secret—the duchess, though she *was* my dear friend, would be a little jealous or so, now and then, and she began to bridle, and—but that you know was classical; as that grave and pious divine the Reverend Dr. Burdock, his grace's chaplain, who has served in the *Fleet*, and was also at the masquerade in the character of Dr. Stripe, a schoolmaster, whispered me jocosely enough—'Tibbs, my boy,' says he, 'this is Juno with a vengeance—'

Upon her wrinkled front and eyebrow bent
Sate steadfast Care and lowering Discontent—

as old Homer finely says, the Duchess is *Oditi* I see.'—'And will be *Ill* I add,' answered I, quite *degagé*, 'if we don't get rid of the old harridan, and part them.'—Well, by this time, my dear, there was a prodigious crowd about us of the cattle so common at a masquerade—friars and flower-girls, preachers and punchinelloes, queens, quakers, and quack-doctors; and as for any manners they had, we might as well have been in St. Giles's: for, when your real quality are vulgar, may I be smothered if I don't think they're a match for the lowest of them. However, says his grace, with his usual air of dignity, 'Hark ye, woman,' says he, 'smite me, but I think you're either mad, or have been drinking too deeply of your dram-cup.' Whereupon she replied, 'As for

that, my lord duke, belike I'm no more in liquor than yourself, and what's more than that, here's your own direction in black and white, telling me how I was to come, which I suppose you won't go to deny;' and so, would you credit it? out she drew the letter, and showed every body what a fool she had been. 'Poor soul!' said the duke, 'this never came from me; but the devil trounce me, if thou art not greatly abused!' 'So I think, my lord graceless,' said she, 'when the quality have no more manners; but I'd have you to know that I was never used so before since my name was Grogam; and whereas you talk of trouncing, I wish I could get somebody to do it to purpose, they should be well paid for their trouble;' and then she pulled off her mask in a fury, and began to fan herself with it in high dudgeon. All the crowd laughed immensely, but the whole rout was in amaze—my lord himself began to turn all manner of colours, the duchess stalked away indignantly, and Lady Grogam fainted. She fell very luckily into the arms of Sir Tomkyn O'Trounce, a great brawny Irishman, who had long been laying hot siege to her purse, though his only fortune was his knighthood, an ocean of debts, a swingeing sword, a pair of chairman's legs, and a consumedly impudent face of his own.—Well, my dear, this accident was the very thing for Sir Tomkyn, who was always ready for a bottle or a duel, to show his devotion and valour; and so, supporting her with one arm, he outs with his rapier, and says, 'Aisy, my jewel, aisy now, you've gotten your wish any way, for it's myself that will be proud to trounce any of this good-looking company you like to pick out, and ask no pay for it neither, but one of your own bright beautiful smiles. So if any lady or gentleman here has anything either to declare or deny about you that you don't like, myself is the boy for a small tilting-match with them, behind Montague House, before we go home to breakfast, and sleep out the rest of the night; for, by the devil's best parlour poker, I'm your own to the last drop of my blood!'

"Sir Tomkyn's ready interference and bold speech were the very making of his snit, for he led off Lady Grogam in triumph, sat by her during supper, danced with her till the last cock-crow, and then saw her safe to her carriage, an accepted suitor, almost roaring mad with two hours' hard courtship and three bottles of bad claret.

"To finish the story as it deserves,

I ought to tell you how Lady Program and Sir Tomkyn O'Trounce were soon after married by special license: in which I think Dr. Burdock showed his pre-eminence in the noble science of wheedling, since he contrived to make all parties friends, and even to perform the ceremony. It's very true, though, that the duchess was not easily brought into trim again, as honest Jernigan Truss, the duke's own confidential valet, privately told me—so that you'll perceive this is a profound secret. The duke and she parted with rather high words that night, for he was weary and she was unreasonable; but by the morning both were wiser; and when his grace waked, he called three times to his man, in a loud, serious voice, 'Jernigan! Jernigan! Jernigan! bring me my garters:' meaning that he intended to get up. It led to a prodigiously high joke, though, for my lady's own maid, Fanny Finears or Fineairs, I'm not sure which, was listening for what she could hear, and away she runs to the duchess, and tells her for the love of goodness to come quick if she would save the duke from hanging himself in despair. In bursts her grace to my lord's dressing-room, and in three minutes more all was done and over. The duchess, however, never went to Carlisle House with any pleasure again; and we soon after left it quite, and patronised the Pantheon."

The Plates are of higher finish than usual. Among the finest are—the Triumph of Mordecai, after Martin, by E. Finden; Don Juan and Haidee, exquisitely engraved by W. Finden; Uncle Toby and the Widow, after Richter, by C. Rolls; Mariana, after Sir Thomas Lawrence, by Graves; one of Mr. Wood's Cottage Girls in a Thunderstorm, by W. Finden; then are—an Indian Scene, Mayence, and two pictures of homely interest.

In saying farewell and prosper to the "Forget-me-not" of this year, we are happy to leave it at the head of the flock.

The Comic Offering.

Edited by Miss Louisa H. Sheridan.

THIS is a tasteful volume of lady wit and humour, ushered in with the appropriate lines from Milton:

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity;
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter, holding both his sides.

It is further described as the "Ladies Melange of Literary Mirth," thus promising additional delight, notwithstanding as a fair writer expresses it, "the

difficulty of being comic to order." There are 70 Engravings, and about 40 Articles in verse and prose. The former are really *Cuts*—as "Pity the sorrows of a poor young man;" but the fair Editress is impartial, for further on we have "an old *Cat*," really one of the feline tribe in cap and shawl; and a "delicious bit of scandal" between two Tabithas in high-backed chairs before a screen, for no picture of scandal is complete without the latter. The lady in "cross purposes" too is excellent; her arms are like two sticks. The Cut of schoolboys burning rods is humorously enough termed "Breaking up and burning thrashing machines." We have not space to particularize more of the subjects, but we must add that in design and engraving they are free from coarseness, if not entirely from far-fetched humour.



(In full blow)

— though not by Fellows of the Horticultural Society—accompanying

THE RHODUM SYDUS.

BY LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

* What's in a name? a rose by any other name would smell as sweet!"

IN Bath there formerly prevail'd a taste
On flowers with learned names large sums to waste;
And (tho' no florist) every person tried
With queer-named novelties to be supplied.

Miss B. a visit to a garden paid,
Who scarce and costly plants for sale displayed:
And soon a little flower attracts her view,
As being rather pretty, and quite new.

"That is a novel flower," Miss B. exclaimed,
"I'll buy it, if 'tis not too simply named!"

"That is the *Rhodum Sydus*," said the man.—
 "Send it to me directly if you can!"
 Exclaimed Miss B. then home direct she hies:
 Her morning visitors, with jealous eyes,
 Look at the *Rhodum Sydus* in full bloom,
 Envy her luck, and sulkily leave the room!

Some to the gard'ner fly—"Good sir, provide us
 With plants, in blossom, of the *Rhodum Sydus*."
 Others in triumph cry, "None can abide us,
 Because we've purchased plants of *Rhodum*
Sydus."

While some in tears exclaim, "Do not deride
 us,
 But we cannot procure a *Rhodum Sydus*."

At length a Botanist, who felt some shame
 That he had never heard this wond'rous name,
 Went to the gard'ner saying "Let me see
 What plant this *Rhodum Sydus*, famed, maybe."

The man in triumph straight a blossom brought,
 But by the Botanist at length he's caught,
 Who said "With me your tricks will not suc-
 ceed."

Your grand exotic is—a *road-side weed*!"

The gard'ner, in deception thus detected,
 Said, humbly, "Sir, 'tis just as you've sus-
 pected!"

Each day, in vain, the ladies hither came
 Asking for something new, with *lengthy name*;
 I found that plant along the road beside us,
 And hence I christened it a *Road-um Side-us*!"

The Cut beneath occurs in the Letter
 of a French Governess.



Scraping an acquaintance.

But we must wind up the Cuts with

THE SPINSTER'S LAST HOPE.

By Mrs. Walker.



A Watchman.

We add a prose extract from the lady
 badinage:

Much has been written, more, perhaps,
 than ever was felt, upon the frustration
 and annihilation of our first hopes.
 Many a goodly sonnet, with its proper
 quantity of lines and syllables, and
minus only, nature, feeling, and ima-
 gery, has been thrust before the public
 eye, to record that life's vernal spring is
 not perennial, and to announce the new
 and interesting fact, that human exis-
 tence has not changed its character
 since the period when it was denounced
 by Job as being of "few days and full
 of trouble." One would have imagined,
 that these words, stamped as they are in

the volume of eternal truth, would have availed as a beacon to guide man, and woman too, from the dark abyss of disappointment. Yet every day's experience shows of some unfortunate victim of excited expectations, blazoning forth his sorrows to the world, "in all the pomp and majesty of woe," and challenging its sympathy as loudly as if there were any novelty or distinctiveness in grief, and as if every heart that is warmed into life, numbered not the greater amount of its pulsations, by the dial of despair! But no more of this—I am a professed enemy to querulousness, and a consistent and decided opponent to sentimentality of all kinds—and maintain the possibility of living cheerfully and contentedly, even after one's last hope has been laid low. Such is my case; and it behoves me to introduce it, in its details.

Reader, are you of the "Beau sexe," and are you married? If so, you must remember well the throbs and anxieties, the alternations of hope and fear, during the progress of the courtship which led you to the altar. But was not the preponderating fear throughout, that some untoward accident should defeat your views, and throw you back upon society without the support of that protection which you sought to achieve, by much amiability, a little finesse, it may be, and diligent dressing? Think, then, of *her* state, who has six times been verging into the character of a wife, and at the age of forty-five, remains to sign herself a spinster! Youth is proverbially the season of enjoyment, and so I found it—eighteen years, and 20,000*l.*—fashion, vivacity, and personability—I hope the word neither compromises my truth nor my vanity—brought me plenty of admirers, and one unexceptionable offer. It was accepted; the ring was bought; the carriage ordered; the settlement adjusted; and I within a few days of white favours and St. George's church, when a brain fever—but I will not commit sentimentalism—and this passage of my life opens such avenues to it, that I would fain rush over it. Enough—my first love died: and I lived to receive, at twenty-one, my second offer, and chronicle, also, my second disappointment! My second adorer was one who, had he been like Cassio in the play, an "arithmetician," would have divided the palm of celebrity with the American boy of calculating fame. Every act and deed was regulated with the nicest exactness, and with the sole view of adding to his fortune, subtracting from his anxieties, or dividing his *cares*. He lived in cal-

culations. From the period of his making his toilet in the morning, when he balanced for half an hour, the advantages of wearing a claret or olive surtout, till twelve at night, which found him in his legislative capacity in St. Stephen's Chapel, calculating on the propriety of voting with or against the minister.

Fatal to my hopes was this ruling passion. It was at a country ball, I was tried by this mental measurement, and found wanting. It was there he proved, that having neither the beauty of Miss L., the fortune of Miss W., nor the influence of Miss M., the sum total might, after putting him in possession of a wife, leave him with a diminution of happiness and freedom. He, therefore, declared off, with all the quiet *nonchalance* possible. And the depression of the agricultural interest forming something like an excuse to my father, for the non-ratification of his engagement, he made his regrets and his *congé* to me, with the most serious of bows, and the deepest of sighs.

Twenty-three—found me—with my hand, small and snowy as it confessedly was, unsought for. I had gone to the expense of advertising myself, by having my portrait painted for Somerset House, and my name fully described in the catalogue. I rode through the park during the season, at the most orthodox hours, and on an unexceptionable horse. I had attended the opera as regularly as the prompter; still it would not do; when fate suddenly achieved the desired good—an offer! I was on a visit at my uncle's—one of my cousins was given to music—I took the hint, and warbled at him steadily and untiringly. A new song came out—it suited my voice, and I sang it with effect—the reward was an offer to make me Mrs. Algernon Tracy. But evanescent was my triumph! The York music meeting came, and Miss—, the celebrated *prima donna* came too. She sang my song, and without music—it was resistless—my cousin ceased his plaudits only to seek the fair vocalist, and play the inconstant to me. A few weeks after saw him married to my rival, and myself tearing the identical song into the smallest possible atoms.

Thirty—Alas! I thought, am I then really to be an old maid? I let down my hair, and it was luxuriant, without the fostering aid of *macassar*. It told—a gentlemanly, but very bald man, asked my love, and unquestionably would have secured it, and my hand, too, had I not discovered in time, that he paid his devotions at a gambling house more

punctually than to me; and that having already dispersed 30,000*l.* through the agency of "*Rouge et Noir*," he was ready and willing to send my 20,000*l.* in pursuit after it. I thought the mission somewhat contingent as to its results, and declined his offer.

Thirty to thirty-five—I was now in a feverish state of anxiety as to the progress of the years, and began studiously to avoid all allusion to birth-days; smiled with peculiar complacency upon every person who called me 'Miss' at first sight; adopted all the mutabilities of fashion; accepted invitations to country seats, in good hunting counties; discoursed with the *Squirearchy* upon dogs and horses; and having, to show my courage, and gratify the wish of one particular individual, consented to mount a horse who never would do aught but gallop (I never could do aught but trot gently); got a severe fall, and a contused head. As an indemnity for my obedience to his request, the owner of the steed began to talk of his bruised heart, and to ask me to heal it at the village church hard by. I consented—and here the destroyer of my prospects was a housekeeper—one of those middle-aged gentlewomen who exercise, in the *menage* of single men, such omnipotent mastery over their purses and persons. She knew her empire would terminate with the commencement of my reign, and persuaded Mr. Darnley that he would go to ruin, and she to the canal, if he turned his old and faithful domestic away;—*did* tears and hysterics for one whole week, and appeared, at the beginning of the next, as the mistress of Darnley Hall!

Thirty-five to forty—is a fearful age for spinsters—offers come "like angel's visits, few and far between." To me they never came at all; and I have now to narrate the climax of my fears, and the death of my hopes, which took place in the October of 1830. In an evil hour I accompanied some friends to Paris, who had given me sundry hints as to the preference the Frenchmen had for English wives. Arrived in the metropolis, many of the Parisians, with a laudable desire to give pleasure, inquired of me when I should be twenty-five! One whose mustachios were particularly well arranged, and whose decorations were abundant, and upon whom I had begun to look with strong interest, asked me one day to accompany him to the English Ambassador's chapel; and whilst surveying the altar, insinuated his desire to confer upon me there the title of *Madame*. He obtained my promise; and

the next day obtained, alas! also from me, an order upon Lafitte, which put him in possession of the whole of my property! He quitted Paris with the avowed intent of laying out some thousands of my *francs* in the purchase of a chateau in Normandy. For any thing I know to the contrary, he may have done so; but this I know, that I have never seen him or my money since. I lost my follies with my fortune; I recrossed the channel, and obtained a situation as humble companion in Lady D.'s family. And here I am, cheerful and happy; though every chance of changing my name has vanished for ever! And "the spinster's last hope" has failed her.

Had Miss Sheridan been a member of the celebrated Society of the Stocking, we think her colour would not have been *blue*.

This cheerful book is well printed, and in tastefully embossed binding.

The Keepsake.

HERE is the golden galley, with its crimson flying, and beautiful Engravings at its head and front. See how proudly this guinea Cleopatra sails down the Cydnus of the publishers, though *Paternoster Row* is comparatively a poor muddy stream. Count her noble freight of Contributors, or call the Court Newsman—see Lords Ashtown, Dover, Holland, Mahon, Morpeth, Mulgrave, Porchester, John Russell; the Countesses of Blessington and Morley; and Lady E. Stuart Wortley, who has written some of the sweetest poetry in the volume. The best prose pieces are, however, by the plebeian contributors—they have beat this aristocracy of letters, high as really are some of the noble names in literary distinction. There is the usual muster of romance and fashion, and false sentiment—lines written here and there on the continent, and probably to be found also in some of the inn albums. There is a *Frankenstein Dream*; a touching story by Mr. St. John; a tale of the time of Henry VII., by Mrs. Charles Gore; an interesting story by J. S. Knowles; the *New King*, a piece of political spite, in execrable taste, by Hook—(where was the eye of the editor?)—a modern Crichton, by Mr. Lister, the novelist, who thinks that "intellect may have had its 'march,' but it has been a march upon the level:" it would be sad uphill-work to prove it this;—a *Diary of Mr. S. of Charlcote Park*, without a word of Shakespeare; a *Party of Pleasure on the Tamar cle-*

verly described in verse by the Countess of Morley, in which occur these lines to the sun :—

That thou, the sky's great potentate,
Should'st at cowl on ministers of state,
Appears such strange behaviour!
One would have thought the brightest beam
That from thy summer's smile could gleam
Had shone to show them favour!

The Editor, in a note, tells us "a Secretary of State was one of the party;" he must have been an ex-Secretary.—Archdeacon Spencer has contributed a paper "On the Life and Writings of Lord Byron," which Mr. Murray will not prefix to his first complete edition of the Noble Poet's Works. Lord Mulgrave has a "Bridemaid" story, written for a copy of the well-known picture; and L. E. L. the following exquisite lines :—

AN EARLY PASSAGE IN SIR JOHN PERROT'S LIFE.

BY L. E. L.

There is a very curious and rare biography extant of this accomplished knight and courtier, and it was placed in my hands by Mr. Crofton Croker, who thought that I should find a variety of subjects for poetical illustration in Sir John Perrot's adventurous and romantic career. The present incident he especially marked as very characteristic of the picturesque tone of the age. To Mr. Croker I beg to inscribe the ballad, and trust the rest of its readers will partake in his sympathy for the memories of our ancestors.

THE evening tide is on the turn; so calm the waters flow,
There seems to be one heav'n above, another heav'n below;
The blue skies broken by white clouds, the river by white foam,
The stars reflect themselves, and seem to have another home.

A shade upon the elements, 'tis of a gallant bark,
Her stately sides ding on the waves an outline dim and dark;
The difference this by things of earth, and things of heav'n made,
The things of heav'n are traced in light, and those of earth in shade.

Wrapt in his cloak a noble knight step to and fro that deck,
Revolving all those gentler thoughts the busier day-hours check.
A thousand sad sweet influences in truth and beauty lie,
Within the quiet atmosphere of a lone starry sky.

A shower of glittering sparkles fell from off the dashing oar,
As a little boat shot rapidly from an old oak on shore:
His eye and pulse grew quick, the knight's, his heart kept no true time
In its unsteady beating, with the light oars' measured chime.

"Thou hast loiter'd—so, in sooth, should I—
thine errand be thy plea;
And now what of my lady bright, what guerdon sent she me?
Or sat she lonely in her bower, or lovely in the hall?
How look'd she when she took my gift? sir page,
now tell me all."—

"I found her with a pallid cheek, and with a drooping head,
I left her, and the summer rose wears not a gladder red;
And she murmur'd something like the tones a lute has in its chords,
So very sweet the whisper was, I have forgot the words."

"A health to thee, my lady love, a health in Spanish wine,
To-night I'll pledge no other health, I'll name no name but thine."

The young page hid his laugh, then dropp'd in reverence on his knee —

"In sooth, good master, that I think to-night may scarcely be.

"While kneeling at your lady's feet another dame past by,
The lion in her haughty step, the eagle in her eye.

"And doth the good knight barter gems? God's truth, we'll do the same."

A pleasant meaning lit the smile, that to her proud eyes came.

"She took the fairest of the gems upon her glittering hand,
With her own fingers fasten'd it upon a silken band,

And held it to the lamp, then said, 'Like this stone's spotless flame,
So tell your master that I hold his high and knightly fame.'"

Low on his bended knee, the knight received that precious stone,

And bold and proud the spirit now that in his dark eyes shone :—

"Up from your sleep, my mariners, for ere the break of day,

And even now the stars are pale, I must be miles away,"—

The spray fell from the oars in showers, as in some fairy hall
They say in melting diamonds the charmed fountains fall;
And though as set the weary stars, the darker grew the night,
Yet far behind the vessel left a track of silver light.

They saw again that self-same shore which they that morn had pass'd,
On which they'd look'd as those who know such look may be the last :—
Then out he spoke, the helmsman old: "I marvel we should go
Just like a lady's messenger on the same path to and fro."

"And 'tis to see a lady's face this homeward task we ply,
I wot the proudest of us all were proud to catch her eye.
A royal gift our queen hath sent, and it were sore disgrace
If that I first put on her gem and not before her face."

On the terrace by the river side there stood a gallant band,
The very flower of knight and dame were there of English land.
The morning wind toss'd ostrich plume, and stirr'd the silken train,
The morning light from gold and gem was mirror'd back again.

There walk'd the Queen Elizabeth, you knew her from the rest
More by the royal step and eye than by the royal vest;
There flash'd, though now the step was staid, the falcon eye was still,
The fiery blood of Lancaster, the haughty Tudor's will.

A lady by the balustrade, a little way apart,
Leaned languidly indulging in that solitude of heart

Which is Love's empire, tenanted by visions of his own—
Such solitude is soon disturb'd, such visions soon are flown:—

Love's pleasant time is with her now, for she hath hope and faith,
Which think not what the lover doth, but what the lover saith;
Upon her hand there is a ring, within her heart a vow:—

No voice is whispering at her side—what doth she blush for now?

A noble galley valiantly comes on before the wind,
Her sails are dyed by the red sky she's leaving fast behind:

None other mark'd the ship that swept so eagerly along;
The lady knew the flag, and when bath lover's eye been wrong?

The lonely lady watch'd, meantime went on the converse gay,
It was as if the spirits caught the freshness of the day:

"Good omen such a morn as this," her grace of England said

"What progress down our noble Thames hath Sir John Perrot made?

Then spoke Sir Walter Raleigh, with a soft and silv'ry smile,
And an earnest gaze that seem'd to catch the queen's least look the while:

"Methinks that every wind in heav'n will crowd his sails to fill,
For goeth he not forth to do his gracious sovereign's will?"—

With that the bark came bounding up, then staid her in her flight,
And right beneath the terrace she moor'd her in their sight.

"Now, by my troth," exclaim'd the queen, "it is our captain's bark:
What brings the loiterer back again?"—her eye and brow grew dark.

"Fair queen," replied a voice below, "I pay a vow of mine,
And never yet was voyage delay'd by worship at a shrine."

He took the jewel in his hand, and bent him on his knee,
Then sung the scarf around his neck where all the gem might see.

His white plumes swept the very deck, yet once he glanced above,
The courtesy was for the queen, the glance was for his love.

"Now fare thee well," then said the queen, "for thou art a true knight:"—

But even as she spoke the ship was fitting from the sight.

Woe to the Spaniards and their gold amid the Indian seas,
When roll'd the thunder of that deck upon the southern breeze:

For bravely Sir John Perrot bore our flag across the main,
And England's bells for victory rang when he came home again.

Our next extract is—

A HIGHLAND ANECDOTE.

By Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KEEPSAKE.

THE same course of reflection which led me to transmit to you the account

of the death of an ancient borderer,* induces me to add the particulars of a singular incident, affording a point which seems highly qualified to be illustrated by the pencil. It was suggested by the spirited engraving of the Gored Huntsman, which adorned the first number of your work, and perhaps bears too close a resemblance to the character of that print to admit of your choosing it as a subject for another. Of this you are the only competent judge.

The story is an old, but not an ancient one: the actor and sufferer was not a very aged man, when I heard the anecdote in my early youth. Duncan, for so I shall call him, had been engaged in the affair of 1746, with others of his clan; and was supposed by many to have been an accomplice, if not the principal actor in a certain tragic affair, which made much noise a good many years after the rebellion. I am content with indicating this, in order to give some idea of the man's character, which was bold, fierce, and enterprising.—Traces of this natural disposition still remained on Duncan's very good features, and in his keen grey eye; but the limbs, like those of the aged borderer in my former tale, had become unable to serve the purposes and obey the dictates of his inclination. On the one side of his body he retained the proportions and firmness of an active mountaineer; on the other, he was a disabled cripple, scarce able to limp along the streets. The cause which reduced him to this state of infirmity was singular.

Twenty years or more before I knew Duncan, he assisted his brothers in forming a large grazing† in the Highlands, comprehending an extensive range of mountain and forest land, morass, lake, and precipice. It chanced that a sheep or goat was missed from the flock; and Duncan, not satisfied with despatching his shepherds in one direction, went himself in quest of the fugitive in another. In the course of his researches, he was induced to ascend a small and narrow path, leading to the top of a high precipice. Dangerous as it was at first, the road became doubly so as he advanced. It was not much more than two feet broad, so rugged and difficult, and, at the same time, so terrible, that it would have been impracticable to any but the light step and steady brain of a Highlander. The precipice on the right rose like a wall, and on the left, sunk to a depth which it was giddy to

* "The Death of the Laird's Jock," published in the "Keepsake" for 1839.—Ed.

† A pastoral farm.

look down upon; but Duncan passed cheerfully on, now whistling the Gathering of his Clan, now taking heed to his footsteps, when the difficulties of the path peculiarly required caution.

In this manner, he had more than half ascended the precipice, when in mid-way, and it might almost be said, in middle air, he encountered a buck of the red-deer species, coming down the cliff by the same path in an opposite direction. If Duncan had had a gun, no rencontre could have been more agreeable, but as he had not this advantage over the denizen of the wilderness, the meeting was in the highest degree unwelcome. Neither party had the power of retreating, for the stag had not room to turn himself in the narrow path, and if Duncan had turned his back to go down, he knew enough of the creature's habits to be certain that he would rush upon him while engaged in the difficulties of the retreat. They stood therefore perfectly still, and looked at each other in mutual embarrassment for some space.

At length the deer, which was of the largest size, began to lower his formidable antlers, as they do when they are brought to bay, and are preparing to rush upon hound and huntsman. Duncan saw the danger of a conflict in which he must probably come by the worst, and as a last resource, stretched himself on the little ledge of rock which he occupied, and thus awaited the resolution which the deer should take, not making the least motion, for fear of alarming the wild and suspicious animal. They remained in this posture for three or four hours, in the midst of a rock which would have suited the pencil of Salvator, and which afforded barely room enough for the man and the stag, opposed to each other in this extraordinary manner.

At length the buck seemed to take the resolution of passing over the obstacle which lay in his path, and with this purpose approached towards Duncan very slowly, and with excessive caution. When he came close to the Highlander, he stooped his head down, as if to examine him more closely, when the devil, or the untamable love of sport, peculiar to his country, began to overcome Duncan's fears. Seeing the animal proceed so gently, he totally forgot not only the dangers of his position, but the implicit compact which certainly might have been inferred from the circumstances of the situation. With one hand Duncan seized the deer's horn, whilst with the other he drew his dirk; and in the same

instant the buck bounded over the precipice, carrying the Highlander along with him. They went thus down upwards of a hundred feet, and were found the next morning on the spot where they fell. Fortune, who does not always regard retributive justice in her dispensations, ordered that the deer should fall undermost, and be killed on the spot, while Duncan escaped with life, but with the fracture of a leg, an arm, and three ribs. In this state he was found, lying on the carcass of the deer; and the injuries which he had received rendered him for the remainder of his life the cripple I have described. I never could approve of Duncan's conduct towards the deer in a moral point of view (although, as the man in the play said, he was my friend), but the temptation of a hart of grease, offering, as it were, his throat to the knife, would have subdued the virtue almost of any deer-stalker. Whether the anecdote is worth recording, or deserving of illustration, remains for your consideration. I have given you the story exactly as I recollect it.

Lord John Russell, even amidst all the turmoil of office, has contributed—

LONDON IN SEPTEMBER.

(Not in 1831.)

BY LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
A single horseman paces Rotten-row;
In Brooke's sits one *quidnunc* to peruse
The broad, dull sheet which tells the lack of news;

At White's a lonely Brummell lifts his glass
To see two empty hackney coaches pass;
The timid housemaid, issuing forth, can dare
To take her lover's arm in Grosvenor-square;
From shop desert-d hastes the 'prentice dandy,
And seeks—oh bliss!—the *Molly*—a *tempora*
fandi;

Meantime the batter'd pavement is at rest,
And waiters wait in vain to spy a guest;
Thomas himself, Cook, Warren, Fenton, Long,
Have all left town to join the Margate throng;
The wealthy tailor on the Sussex shore
Displays and drives his blue barouche and four;
The peer, who made him rich, with dog and gun
Toils o'er a Scottish moor, and braves a scorching sun.

But the best prose paper (though too long for our present purpose) is, "The Baby, an auto-biographical sketch," by Mr. Jerdan, narrating the life of an infant from its birth to its baptism—a delicate subject to handle, but really nursed up very happily in this instance, just in the swaddling, gossamer, gossiping style, that spreads a net for a reader. It is a nice little bit of nature that delights us, as a coral and bells would a child.

The Plates are almost beyond praise, though Nineveh is not a novelty with Mr. Martin or the public; and virulent

as Mr. Smirke's old ladies appear in *Scan. Mag.*, the engraver need not have made them so scratchy.

The Juvenile Forget-me-not;

Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall.

WE have already said, this most delightful of the Children's Annuals contains the right *living* interest; a merit scarcely intelligible to one who has not seen the book itself. What we mean by the "living interest," is the inquiring spirit of the times—the pantings after knowledge which we are happy to witness, day by day, in children and young persons. Let us take the first paper in illustration—"The Spider;" by Dr. Walsh. This is in the form of a Dialogue with a young person, and extends but to ten pages; yet we find every point of the natural history and economy of the insect touched with judgment. There is the antipathy to the spider—its predatory habits—the fable of Arachne—its web, "like a three-cornered silk handkerchief"—gossamer—its aerial voyages, like "Mr. Green in his balloon"—spinning the web from "papule on little projections"—spider cotton and silk—warlike habits of spiders, "like their neighbours of the human race"—the spider of Brazil, from Dr. Walsh's own observation in that country;—the whole concluding with this admirable lesson: "Nothing that has life, perhaps, is more hated and persecuted, by the thoughtless, than the spider; and yet it is a most ingenious artist, endowed with industry, skill, and sagacity, in no small degree. What an all-wise and powerful God, then, must the Creator be, who has endowed the thing appearing to us to be the meanest and basest of his creatures, with qualities that would give value to a human being, his noblest work." In similarly good taste is "The First Paper-maker," and extracts from Letters written during a tour on the Continent, touching upon Mount Cenis, Turin, Genoa, Florence, Rome, the Grotto del Cani, Vesuvius, and Pompeii. Next are, "the Anecdotes of Birds," by Mrs. Hall; two or three School Sketches, and appropriate poetical pieces. But, above all we admire the *natural history* features of this little book: it encourages a kindly feeling among children for animals—a design, by the way, which Mrs. Trimner ably executed in her charming History of the Tame Robins, written upwards of forty years since. Oh, Flapsy and Pecksey, how much innocence have we outlived since we read of your little

doings! Our quotation from the *Juvenile Forget-me-not* is an ingenious paper by Mrs. Hall, a sort of little Purley Diversion—

THE "NOT" FAMILY.

(A letter to Miss Mary Cunningham.)

MY DEAR MARY,

I REMEMBER to have heard how amused, and, I am happy to add, how improved you were, by a "Chapter on Misses," published in one of the early volumes of my little annual. It was written by a very excellent lady,* who, I am grieved to say, is dead; one to whom I, as well as thousand of others, owe a deep debt of gratitude, for her books afforded me a great deal of instruction when I was a little girl—quite as little, and, I do believe, more *wild*, than you. I am now about to introduce you to a family, not as interesting, perhaps, but quite as varied, as "the Misses."

The eldest of them is known but too intimately to many young folks of my acquaintance. Were I to draw a picture of this disagreeable person, I would pencil a dark, sulky-visaged boy, with overhanging brows, firmly-compressed lips, and forbidding aspect, ill dressed, and ill looking. His name is WILL, NOR. Master Will is, believe me, a very dangerous companion; he is so fond of his own way that he scorns advice, and pays no attention whatever to the counsel of those who are better informed. I shall never forget the distress he inflicted upon his mamma one day, when a most kind and benevolent man, Mr. Lovechild, attempted to teach him that pretty hymn of Dr. Watts's commencing—

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite."

Instead of being grateful to the excellent gentleman, he pouted and flouted, knit his great eyebrows, clenched his teeth, and—would you, Mary, believe it possible?—refused to utter a single word. I am a great enemy to flogging; but if boys affect to possess no more intellect than brutes, they must expect to be treated as brutes, and I should scarcely grudge WILL NOR a sound whipping. This obstinacy renders him, as you may suppose, ignorant and contemptible, while his manners are rude and abrupt in the extreme. He is sadly despised by sensible people, and shunned by all who value the kindly feelings of social life. I trust that you, my dear, have never formed, and never can form, acquaintance with so unamiable a character.

Nor should I wish you to know his

* Mrs. Barbauld.

sister either, though she is of a very different temper and disposition from her obstinate brother. A trembling, pale, delicate creature, full of fears and absurdities, anxious to do well, and yet getting into all sorts of awkward predicaments from her excessive timidity. If she is directed to place a China vase on a shelf, she is sure to let it fall; if her parents wish her to try a new piece of music, or to copy a drawing, she always makes some provoking observation as to her inability, that must annoy those who are much better able to judge of her capacity than she can possibly be. Indeed, although there can be no doubt that her brother WILL NOT is the worst of the family, I have been often as much vexed with the nervous indecision of Miss CAN NOT, as with Master Will's obstinacy.

You have often heard, my dear Mary, that to be useful is better than to be clever, though to be both is best. Now CAN NOT, unless good education perfectly changes her habits, will never be either useful or clever. The other night her cousin's cap caught fire, and, instead of throwing on her head the vase of water that stood upon the work-box, or, better still, snatching off the table-cover and smothering the flames with it, she stood still and screamed! Her poor cousin, consequently, was dreadfully burnt. And then CAN NOT said "she was very sorry;" but sorrow is perfectly useless, unless when it tends to improvement. And I regret to say that, as yet, she has not taken the necessary means to strengthen her character.

Another tormenting brat is Master DID NOT. I would fain hope that he is afflicted with a defective memory;—I say hope, because then allowances might be made for his inattention; but I am convinced in my own mind that his *forgetfulnesses* (as he calls them) are premeditated. Be this as it may, he is a very imp, with undefined features, and inexpressive eyes; sluggish and awkward in his gait, and negligent in his dress; not of so overbearing a disposition as his elder brother, yet equally difficult to manage. I once knew a poor family starved to death by his carelessness. His mother had absolutely committed the charge of both food and money for their relief to this ungracious boy; yet his habitual negligence prevented his attending to her directions. It was hoped that this misfortune would have cured him of his bad habits, but I fear they have become too strongly rooted; DID NOT continues careless and negligent as ever.

Displeased, my dear Mary, as I have reason to be, with these three persons, I feel very differently towards their cousin, whom I recommend to your attention as a careful, amiable young lady, one who never offends by her flippancy, or injures by ill-natured observation. Her picture has been often painted, her finger resting on her sweet and silent lips, and her mild, dove-like eyes beaming with simplicity and truth. She walks with a sedate step, and is universally admitted into the best society, because every one is convinced that she is a lover of peace and a hater of scandal. Some giddy persons accuse her of being over-particular, and too silent in company; but opinions of the thoughtless are of no value, and I shall certainly take the earliest opportunity of introducing you to my especial favourite, Miss SAID NOT; who, with her sister MAY NOT, are greatly esteemed by all amiable people.

MAY NOT is a profound reasoner, and worthy of trust in all things. She never suffers impulse to act in opposition to reason, and even her parents frequently apply for and value her opinion. Her principles are fixed, and her deeds worthy of imitation. I could say a great deal more in her praise; but, as I desire that you closely cultivate her friendship, you will soon discover what a valuable acquisition you have made. At first, you may think her somewhat austere, and fancy that her dignified countenance bears the expression of severity; but the more you know, the more you will love her, and her counsel will prevent your getting into many of the scrapes to which young ladies under, ay, and *over*, the age of twelve are liable.

Farewell, for the present, then, my dear young friend. You have hitherto been, and I trust will continue to be, a happy little girl. How can you be otherwise, with such kind, good parents, who do all that is best and wisest for you? My space and your patience are nearly exhausted, yet I must in conclusion assure you of the affection and friendship of

A. M. H.

The Plates are eight in number; and in the Anecdotes of Birds there are interspersed 16 picturesque vignettes.

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